forty yards circumference* of deeper water, with islands of bushes upon it. It is the best entrance to the infernal regions the poets could have had, and much more characteristic than the pretty Pisena or Cyane, near Syracuse, through which Pluto carried off his wife.

Near the lake I found two large rocks of the same scoria as I have seen at Vesuvius, and that is the only volcanic substance I could see. We returned to the estate we had left in the morning, and there slept. Next day we went up the Separi, a fine navigable river, the banks of which are covered with woods as far as the *embarcadero* of Mr. Hall, who has a noble estate, quite a territory.

The Union was our next place of rest. We then procured horses and mules (very indifferent ones), and rode through woods, in tracks almost impracticable, into the high country, to a noble property of Brice, reckoned the best land in the island, and thence to the Indian Mission of the Savana, where we breakfasted with a Spanish curate, and saw his three hundred very neat active Indians. They live in a large

village on
a hill, lofty and airy, in a woody pasture thirteen
miles in diameter.

We came back by Petitbourg,
through a most